

have taken it if I had known it was gold, but I would not lay myself liable. The reason why I notified the Chief of Police before I tested it was that I wanted him to know it was gold. The Chief was to furnish me money, if necessary, but said to use just as little as I could. I went to supper with Ritchie one evening and three of us went into a back room, where they had the shag game. They tried to get me into it, but I told them I had seen that game before and they could not catch me on it. I never played with Ritchie at a faro game. It was Johnson who spoke to me first about the brick.

JOHN N. SKINNER

Sworn: I am Chief of Police in this city. I know C. B. Huyett and defendant, William Ritchie. The first time I ever saw this metal brick was in his office. It was brought there by Officer Lynch. I count twelve holes in this brick. When it was brought to my office there were two holes in it. The day I got this brick I was in this room, and received a telephone call at once for the Arlington House, with Oscar L. Lyons and Lemons. We ran as fast as we could. When I got there I met Mr. Lynch and Mr. Huyett coming out of a room in the house. Mr. Lynch said: "I am Chief of Police in this city. I have a value that I want you to inspect this brick." The day I got this brick I came to my office. I took it to Mr. Sprule's, an attorney on First street. I bored these other ten holes and gave the shavings to him to assay. I think this is the brick and that it was taken at the same time as the Arlington House. I will show Mr. Ritchie prior to trial. I first saw him next morning about 8 o'clock. I went down to 41 Date street, where I thought he lived. I went to his room and knocked. A lady inside, I think, undressed, but would let me in as soon as she was dressed. In a few minutes she let me in. I saw no one there but her. I asked her to open the closet. She stooped down and then unlocked the door. Ritchie was in there—in one end of the closet and undressed. He said there was a big mistake.

Afternoon Session.

Court remained at 1 o'clock and the counsel for The People, on producing testimony as to the metal composing the brick, was interrupted by the defense, who stated they were prepared to acknowledge the brick was of brass, and the expert present was dismissed.

Detective Dan Lynch.

was sworn: Some time last winter I was called to the Arlington House, and on my arrival there was told to go to room 3, where I found a brick of metallic substance in a vase, which I took to Chief of Police. Here the brick was produced and identified by witness.

Officer Lemon,

sworn, testified: I am a police officer of this city. I have examined brace and two bits here present and believe same to be those taken by me from a room in the Arlington House some time last winter. The bits after being taken from the room were in the room the brace and bits were lying on the washstand. There were no other persons in the room when I took these articles, but Detective Lynch was in the doorway. Huyett was not in the room at the time. I took the two bits in the case and left. The moment I started to go to the Arlington I was accompanied by Detective Lynch, who, however, outran me and got into the room previous to my arrival. I do not know Ritchie. Have seen him on the streets, but know nothing about him.

FRANK LINDE,

on being sworn, said he was by occupation a jeweler and had known Ritchie three or four years, but not intimately. Ritchie came into my store, accompanied by another man, and I sold him some small articles and filings of gold with the request that I test it for fineness. Being busy at the time I could not personally attend to the matter, so calling my friend I gave the pieces of metal to him with instructions to test it.

At the same time I object to Mr. Linde testifying for his foreman. He left the stand and sent the foreman.

H. W. BIETONG,

who testified that Ritchie came in, accompanied by that gentleman (pointing to Huyett), and Mr. Linde being busy asked me to test some gold scrapings or shavings, such as might have been drilled off this brick had it been drilled. I took the shavings and found they were from 16 to 20 carats fine. The shavings he gave me were not to test for color, but for the quality of color, not of the color of this brick.

WILLIAM RITCHIE,

then took the stand, and being sworn, testified: I am acquainted with Huyett since last January, when he was talking with me about having lost some money playing faro bank. It had also been playing, and had lost \$1800 myself. Was feeling very sick that afternoon. Just after Huyett and I had got into conversation Johnson came to see me and there were many ways of making money in a quicker and easier manner than that of playing faro. It was at that time Johnson introduced the subject of the gold brick, and for the better chance of taking all the money he offered the possibility of an interview. We all agreed Johnson, Huyett and myself left. Johnson then said he knew where there was a gold brick that had been stolen from some place in Arizona, and although world about \$8000, could be made easily. I could not afford to pay him more at all than \$1000. I could purchase nothing, but Huyett said he could raise \$1000. Johnson then asked Huyett what he would do with the brick if he purchased it, and Huyett said he would at once start for New Orleans. Johnson then suggested that Huyett should pay down what he could, and take the brick to New Orleans, accompanied by a friend of Johnson, where it could be disposed of, and the balance of the purchase money paid by Huyett to Johnson's friend. I believed the hint to be well taken, and I made no offer of taking part of the metal to test it. I told him he had better get it in half, and so get it fairly tested. No, I had no money at the time but a few dollars—I paid the rent of a room at the Arlington, where the rent was to be \$15. While I was in the room, Johnson had the brick wrapped in a newspaper. Huyett and myself remained in the room while Johnson went for brace and bit to bore the brick. He was gone but a moment. Might have had the brace and bit never. I had lodgings in that house or not. I knew nothing of either Johnson or Huyett previous to this. In testing the brick, Johnson put in one of the holes, and Huyett the other. I did not bore any of the holes. Johnson had the brick had been stolen from some place in Arizona or Mexico. I cannot now remember which place. I never had a conversation with Johnson, nor did I receive a telegram from him after the test was being made. Huyett ran out of town, but returned almost immediately. I went to the bank with Huyett, where he showed me the edge of a draft and said something about having trouble in getting the money just then, and when he had to leave, and Huyett got to quarreling, and I told them to get out of there if they were going to make a fuss, so I left for home. I next heard that the police had taken the brick and brace and bit and having no desire to be implicated in the secret of so much gold, I made myself scarce. Yet, I believe at that time the brick was of gold.

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I told my wife of the business when I reached home. I did not tell her I was afraid I would get into trouble over the matter. All this occurred in the early morning, and I told her to keep at home on the 17th. On the morning of the 18th we (I and my wife) were just getting up and had commenced to dress, when I heard a knocking at the door, and my wife went to answer it. What I had done had been discovered, and Huyett got to quarreling, and I told them to get out of there if they were going to make a fuss, so I left for home. I next heard that the police had taken the brick and brace and bit and having no desire to be implicated in the secret of so much gold, I made myself scarce. Yet, I believe at that time the brick was of gold.

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ALAMEDA STREET—We have just sold the 5-acre ranch on Alameda street, and offer to investors the greatest bargain in the market today, being 40 acres

cars run past the whole tract, which can be cut up into lots and your money doubled in ninety days. The ranch is stocked with 400 orange trees. Flowing wells. Good 6-room house, windmill, tank, barns. Place is piped throughout; 400 other fruit trees. Price, \$200 per acre. Good terms.

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FORTY-ACRE RANCH, CENTRAL AVENUE—We have just sold the 5-acre ranch on Alameda street, and offer to investors the greatest bargain in the market today, being 40 acres

cars run past the whole tract, which can be cut up into lots and your money doubled in ninety days. The ranch is stocked with 400 orange trees. Flowing wells. Good 6-room house, windmill, tank, barns. Place is piped throughout; 400 other fruit trees. Price, \$200 per acre. Good terms.

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JIM RAINY.

The Man Who Suicided at Salt Lake.
A special to THE TIMES last week related the suicide at Salt Lake of James S. Rainey. The Calico Print supplies the following particulars:

New was received in Calico during the early part of the week that James S. Rainey, formerly of Calico and latterly of Buena, San Diego county, where he acted as manager of Soule & Stacy's store, and deputy postmaster, had disappeared from that place, and with him had disappeared funds variously estimated at from \$700 to \$1000. All that could be learned of the affair was that two weeks ago yesterday he went to Oceanside, in company with Archie Walsh, also formerly of Calico. There he became intoxicated, and, as he did not appear at bedtime, Walsh returned alone. In the morning Rainey was found to be dead, and W. L. G. Soule, having been notified of his manager's absence, immediately proceeded to Buena, where he found the safe empty, and discovered that the disappearance was also a defalcation. The receipt of this news in Calico was sad intelligence to Rainey's friends (and all who knew him were such), and, although disagreeably surprised, they, at first, preferred to pity rather than condemn.

Nothing further was learned concerning the matter until last Thursday evening, the dispatch to THE TIMES from San Francisco, dated June 14th, was seen.

Jim Rainey, as he was familiarly known, came to the Mojave desert when 16 years old, and remained there until 1860, when he caused a stir in mining circles. He then removed here, where he lived until a few months ago, when he left for Buena to take a responsible position. A proneness to indulge in the "social glass" was his greatest failing, and it probably was the cause of the act which lowered him in the estimation of others and dishonored him to himself. Before the commission of the crime which led to his self-destruction no one considered him dishonest, and it was a severe blow to his friends to learn that he ultimately became so. Jim was endowed with superior natural abilities and possessed of a good education, and as an occasional contributor to the columns of the Print and to San Diego papers was well and favorably known.

Since with the above we have learned additional particulars, as follows: Jim had been drinking more or less before he had gone on a spree in Oceanside, and during that time several sums of money had been entrusted to him, and gave receipts for considerable money, which Mr. Soule says, was not entered on the books, which, with over \$200 in the safe, amounted to about \$300. This he abstracted, besides over \$300 belonging to D. B. McGinnis, deposited in the safe, said to be his total savings, the loss of which he feels acutely, as he is in the last stages of consumption and unable to engage in any employment. After Jim had accumulated these various sums he indulged in a brief spree in Oceanside, and then went to Perris, on the California Southern Railroad, and hired a 15-year-old boy to take him across the country to Los Angeles, where he boarded a Southern Pacific train and started for Arizona, thus avoiding chances of meeting acquaintances in Colton. As he began to sober up while fleeing to Colorado and Utah, he began to realize the deep disgrace into which he had plunged, and saw that he must become a fugitive or go to San Quentin, and hence concluded to avoid either alternative by being his own executioner, which he somewhat facetiously designates as an "expedition."

Thus we chronicle the fifth suicide of Californians since Cleveland was elected.

WILSON'S TRAIL.

Interesting Memories About an Honored Pioneer.
(Pasadena Star.)

Now, that there is talk of a railway to Wilson's Peak, it will prove especially interesting to readers of the Star to know something of the history of the construction of the first trail to the cloud-crowned guardian of our lovely valley, and of the object that induced the builders to perform the labor of carving a pathway along and up the sides of the granite hills to that majestic height.

To some acquainted with the history of California during the twenty years preceding the Rebellion the name of the trail will suggest who was its builder, and, in fact, it was none other than the Hon. B. D. Wilson, that grand old pioneer whose name and influence are linked with every move of public import during the thirty-five years he lived here, and who was the guiding star to point the attention of the world to this valley of his choice. We have been unable to fix the exact date at which the trail was built, but it was not long after Mr. Wilson settled on the old homestead, in what is now the eastern portion of Pasadena, in the year 1842. The work was done by a force of Mexicans and Indians employed by Mr. Wilson. What a task that was you may imagine if you have ever toiled up the first precipitous ascent, then enjoyed the journey along up the side of the mountain to the Little Santa Anita Cañon hundreds of feet below you. The descent into the cañon, the drink of delicious mountain water—how you enjoyed it, and how you were impressed by the sublime scenery. Then the tiresome climb up the second ridge, over rocks and winding along precipices with scarcely a foothold, the second descent and the final climb, the hardest of all, up to the summit—you appreciate the difficulties of the ascent, but the unequalled view more than repays you for your labor. The whole valley to the east and south, and the ocean beyond, is before you, a scene of unequalled beauty.

But it was not for the sake of scenery that the trail was built. There is the finest of timber there, and it was needed in the valley. A force of Mexicans were kept busy felling the mammoth trees and working them into shingles, fenceposts and small timbers. From forty to fifty burros were kept busy all the time bringing this timber down into the valleys. How they did it is a mystery, but timbers 6x8 inches square and 20 feet in length were packed down on the patient burros. We know this to be a fact, for we have seen some of the timbers used in the construction of the old adobe residence of J. W. Wilson, and the same building is roofed with shingles from the summit. The old homestead of B. D. Wilson was entirely fenced with posts and boards which were worked out of trees in the vicinity of Wilson's Peak, incredible as it may seem.

Some years after the trail was built, some one, whose name we did not learn, took up a homestead half-way up the trail, where the "Half-Way House" is located, in the cañon, beyond which an old orchard. At one time there was an extensive bee ranch there, but the valley was more attractive, and the place is now deserted.

The first American winery in South

California was established by R. D. Wilson, and it was the nucleus around which he grew the San Gabriel whinery, one of the largest in the world.

In those early days it was a biblical wine that was made, since the Mexicans and Indians were utilized to "tread the wine-press." The thought is not as pleasant as the wine was. It is related of Mr. Wilson that a divine from the East was enjoying the hospitality of his home, and desired to sample the wine, thinking it was for sacramental purposes, but that the Eastern wines, after drinking the second glass, he remarked, "I like that its flavor is excellent." "Yes," responded Mr. Wilson, in his bluff way, "but if you stay by it it will play hell with you." A forcible temperance sermon.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Those Franchises.
A CORRESPONDENT WHO GENTLY BEGS TO DIFFER.

LOS ANGELES, June 22.—To the Editor of THE TIMES: Please allow me to correct an error or two in this morning's editorial, "A Word to the Council."

The Los Angeles Cable Railway Company, instead of asking for "trifling concessions," asks for the privilege of maintaining single-track narrow-gauge horse or mule railways over all the present street railway lines of the city, except a comparatively small portion of the streets covered by the Main street and Agricultural Park Railway, the Seventh street to Chicago street cross-town cable railway, and the Grand avenue cross-town to Workman street, or Downey-avenue Cable Railway, for fifty years, from this date. The said Cable Railway Company, by its agent, says it does not yet own any of the horse-road franchises, except a portion of those covering its cable road routes, but has the promise of them from the holders if it can get this new franchise through the Council. It did not present to the Council an ordinance clear, straightforward and logical, and especially was it not so because there is a city ordinance rendering all railway franchises subject to a certain form, which is a good one, and should not be condemned without a knowledge of the circumstances under and the object for which it was framed.

The Board of Public Works has fully dawdled about nothing. If the framers of the ordinance in question had drawn it according to the form provided, as the slightest property-directed inquiry would have shown it necessary to do, they would have saved hours of work, to which the Board of Public Works has been subjected by the oversight, and if they had not asked for the earth they would have got their share of it long before this.

The "half dozen lucid lines," for which the board substituted the "extraordinary jumble," was an allusion by me to some section of the code. Now it has been recognized by every legal advice that the citizens who are not provided with a code should know what they are granting to those who seek franchises, without consulting a lawyer: so in a few lucid sentences the things granted in these sections are explained in the form.

The board does not "ask that the cable company give up its franchises when it does not put down cable lines, but only that the company shall not ask for fifty years" use of the best streets of the city with narrow-gauge single-track horse lines. The board has expressed a willingness to give the company the thirty years—the life of most of the present franchises.

The cable road company's project is a grand one, there is no gainsaying that; and it is the wish of every member of the Council that the writer thinks to fit it every encouragement consistent with the future, as well as the present interests of the city.

Such a franchise, sweeping as it is, is a great monopoly, to be sure, but rightly handled it will prove very beneficial to our city, and the cry of "monopoly" in objection to it has not yet been raised in the board or the Council, so far as known.

The projectors show evidence of being liberal, public-spirited men as well as grandly enterprising, but the city should be secured in black and white in every one of her rights, and against every possible injury and incursion as far as can be done. We are now, as a city, feeling the burden of a franchise with two or three years ago, which, when granted, were only felt as blessings, and which bid fair to make us groan in a few years to come. "We have to be careful. Nearly every privilege asked of the city is brought before the Council with the demand that we must jump it through." "Great pecuniary interests are at stake." "Any child can see it is a great benefit to the city—or don't do any hurt?" "We shall throw it up if we don't get it through right away." "You are the City Council, and you must attend to my business at once, or you will be held responsible." "You must neglect every other business you have, and attend to mine, because I am in a hurry, and will lose money if you don't; and, besides, I know it's all right, and you have to do it to grant it. If you don't, you are a set of assses." **

At the Gates.
(Elbert Flower in Life.)

St. Peter was dozing, his keys hanging idly at his side. He had so little to do of late that he was actually getting lazy, and it was with many expressions of disgust that he arose to answer a timid knock at the gates. "Who's there?" he asked, as he fumbled over his keys in an endeavor to find the right key. "It is—Mabel Sweet," came the reply. "I want to come in." St. Peter chuckled softly. "Of course you do," he said. "So does every one; but they don't all get in, nevertheless."

He swung the gates open, and took his station in the middle of the open space, thus effectually barring all entrance.

"Give an account of yourself," he commanded. "What have you been doing upon earth?"

"Please, St. Peter," she responded timidly, "I haven't been very good." "I suppose not," he said, telepathically. "But tell me what you have done."

"One day I eloped with a Chicago drummer."

"Did, eh?" queried St. Peter, with a pitying glance. "That's bad—very bad; but I don't know but that it carried its own punishment with it."

"Oh, it did!" she exclaimed with emotion.

"Well then, what next?"

"I was very thoughtless, St. Peter," she explained apologetically—"very thoughtless indeed. Why, do you know, I carelessly split his head open with an axe when I got tired of him."

"That was thoughtless," commented the saint. "I really don't see how I can let you in."

"Please St. Peter, don't be hard on me," she pleaded. "It was all because of my thoughtless nature. Why, in the same way, I dropped my two children out of the sixth story window

when they woke me up with their crying."

"Dear me, I wish you had been a little more thoughtful," he muttered.

"So do I," she replied. "And, oh! I almost forgot. On another occasion I neglected to return a few thousand dollars that my sister entrusted to me."

"H'm! A bad case—a bad case!" mused the guardian of the gates. There is really no chance of your getting in. I suppose you were those de-licious cosmetes, too."

"Oh, yes!"

"Dear me! It is very sad. I would like to let you in, but I can't. I—oh, stop! Perhaps you had some one great virtue that would counteract all the evils."

"I don't know, I'm sure," she pondered. "I can't think of anything except—except I always took off my hat at the theater."

An expression of ecstatic rapture passed over St. Peter's face.

"Come in," he said, bowing low. "Gabriel, give the lady a front seat, and order her a harp of solid gold, studded with diamonds."

Cleveland's Blunder.

(Pasadena Star.)

Cleveland has recinded his order. This is well enough in its way, but it does not remove the disgrace of having made so fearful a blunder in the first place. Having heard the last utterings of the old cobbler of loyal worth, he hastened to take the crab walk, and explains by confessing he did not give the matter mature deliberation. This confession places him in a still more unenviable light. A man who has the real Christian principle illuminating his soul needs no opportunity to "take a second thought" when asked to choose between Christ and the man who betrayed him. The Christian who could be induced to surrender the principles of Christianity into the hands of their adversaries would not be rated very high in Christian circles. The same principle holds good in matters of statesmanship, and holds good in matters of business. The man who needs to "take a second thought" when it comes to deciding between surrendering or preserving the battle banners wrangled by loyal hands from treason's grasp, amid the storm of war, is not to be trusted, and one that would order the surrender is no better grounded in his love for the Union and its flag than Judas was in his fidelity to Christ and His cause.

Judas betrayed his Master, accepted the thirty pieces of silver, departed and hanged himself. Cleveland betrayed the spirit of loyalty to accept a solid South, and has murdered his audience for reelection by publishing to the world a confession of his ignorance, and a lack of the spirit of real patriotism.

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fully dawdled about nothing.

If the framers of the ordinance in question had drawn it according to the form provided, as the slightest property-directed inquiry would have shown it necessary to do, they would have saved hours of work, to which the Board of Public Works has been subjected by the oversight, and if they had not asked for the earth they would have got their share of it long before this.

The Board does not "ask that the cable company give up its franchises when it does not put down cable lines, but only that the company shall not ask for fifty years" use of the best streets of the city with narrow-gauge single-track horse lines. The board has expressed a willingness to give the company the thirty years—the life of most of the present franchises.

The cable road company's project is a grand one, there is no gainsaying that; and it is the wish of every member of the Council that the writer thinks to fit it every encouragement consistent with the future, as well as the present interests of the city.

Such a franchise, sweeping as it is, is a great monopoly, to be sure, but rightly handled it will prove very beneficial to our city, and the cry of "monopoly" in objection to it has not yet been raised in the board or the Council, so far as known.

The projectors show evidence of being liberal, public-spirited men as well as grandly enterprising, but the city should be secured in black and white in every one of her rights, and against every possible injury and incursion as far as can be done. We are now, as a city, feeling the burden of a franchise with two or three years ago, which, when granted, were only felt as blessings, and which bid fair to make us groan in a few years to come. "We have to be careful. Nearly every privilege asked of the city is brought before the Council with the demand that we must jump it through." "Great pecuniary interests are at stake." "Any child can see it is a great benefit to the city—or don't do any hurt?" "We shall throw it up if we don't get it through right away." "You are the City Council, and you must attend to my business at once, or you will be held responsible." "You must neglect every other business you have, and attend to mine, because I am in a hurry, and will lose money if you don't; and, besides, I know it's all right, and you have to do it to grant it. If you don't, you are a set of assses." **

At the Gates.
(Elbert Flower in Life.)

St. Peter was dozing, his keys hanging idly at his side. He had so little to do of late that he was actually getting lazy, and it was with many expressions of disgust that he arose to answer a timid knock at the gates.

"Who's there?" he asked, as he fumbled over his keys in an endeavor to find the right key.

"It is—Mabel Sweet," came the reply.

St. Peter chuckled softly.

"Of course you do," he said. "So does every one; but they don't all get in, nevertheless."

He swung the gates open, and took his station in the middle of the open space, thus effectually barring all entrance.

"Give an account of yourself," he commanded. "What have you been doing upon earth?"

"Please, St. Peter," she responded timidly, "I haven't been very good."

"I suppose not," he said, telepathically.

"But tell me what you have done."

"One day I eloped with a Chicago drummer."

"Did, eh?" queried St. Peter, with a pitying glance.

"That's bad—very bad; but I don't know but that it carried its own punishment with it."

"Oh, it did!" she exclaimed with emotion.

"Well then, what next?"

"I was very thoughtless, St. Peter," she explained apologetically—"very thoughtless indeed. Why, do you know, I carelessly split his head open with an axe when I got tired of him."

"That was thoughtless," commented the saint. "I really don't see how I can let you in."

"Please St. Peter, don't be hard on me," she pleaded. "It was all because of my thoughtless nature. Why, in the same way, I dropped my two children out of the sixth story window

when they woke me up with their crying."

"Dear me, I wish you had been a little more thoughtful," he muttered.

"So do I," she replied. "And, oh! I almost forgot. On another occasion I neglected to return a few thousand dollars that my sister entrusted to me."

"H'm! A bad case—a bad case!" mused the guardian of the gates. There is really no chance of your getting in. I suppose you were those de-licious cosmetes, too."

"Oh, yes!"

"Dear me! It is very sad. I would like to let you in, but I can't. I—oh, stop! Perhaps you had some one great virtue that would counteract all the evils."

An expression of ecstatic rapture passed over St. Peter's face.

"Come in," he said, bowing low.

"Gabriel, give the lady a front seat,

and order her a harp of solid gold, studded with diamonds."

Send for pamphlet, containing treatise and many testimonials.

ADDRESS—

POSTOFFICE BOX 228,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THEIR IS SHB?**News of Michigan's Kidnapped Heiress.**

She is Reported to Be Secreted Near Riverside.

Startling Letter from the Woman's Alleged Niece.

A Horrible Story of Torture Inflicted on the Abducted Woman—Her Son Gave Her Protection and Her Bid Girls Way.

By Telegraph to The Times.
RIVERSIDE, June 22.—The Press, of this city, has discovered living in this city a woman named Anna J. Butterfield, who had apparently some knowledge of the abduction of Mrs. Brooks, of Junia, Mich., who recently came into a large fortune at Denver. The Press found that the Butterfield woman had sent East a batch of letters which had been written to Mrs. Brooks, and had received a copy of a Detroit paper speaking of the receipt of the letters at the East. The Butterfield woman disappeared last Sunday, and the Press argues that she had some connection with the abduction or is Mrs. Brooks herself, the bequest having upset her mind.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

RIVERSIDE, June 22.—Inquiry today has failed to learn the whereabouts of Anna J. Butterfield, who is thought to know something of the supposed kidnapping of Mrs. Albert Brooks, of Michigan, whose body was found yesterday in Denver, Colo. There are indications that she may be established, viz.: That the Mrs. Butterfield woman carried the secret of the abduction of the private letters of Mrs. Brooks, and sent them to a banker in Michigan and that she telegraphed money to her old home through a Riverside bank. It is possible that Mrs. Butterfield is a niece of the lost aunt, and it is just as possible that she is the lost Mrs. Brooks, and that after the receipt of the money her husband, Mr. Butterfield, has been estranged from his wife. Mrs. Butterfield talked strangely about matters. She claimed to have come into possession of from \$20,000 to \$100,000.

A STARTLING LETTER.

DETROIT (Mich.), June 22.—The disappearance of Mrs. Brooks is again to the fore with a more romantic story than at first. Several weeks ago L. C. Merritt, of this city, and George H. Butterfield, of Riverside City, came for information concerning Mrs. Brooks. The following reply was received on Monday:

"Your letter of the 6th received and contents noted. You say you were at Mrs. Brooks' and ready to leave them when you wanted to know if I employed a detective to hunt up Aunt Johanna. I have, and he has found her and rescued her from the prison shell where she had been for three months. Also you wanted to know if I had any news of Mrs. Brooks. No, she is not drawn, and what was coming to her but had a present of a draft for \$60,000. Then her lawyer gave her \$9000 in St. Louis about the 10th of February. She is heir to a large fortune, and I am sure she will be able to find much. It can't be got without a private mark, which was agreed, when they last met the lady that has the care of it. It was to make her sign that mark that they tortured her so, but she would not sign it. I don't know what she did. The Queen writes me that she kept her six days without a mouthful to eat and all manner of tortures that are cruel. I shall see that she is taken to her family. Shall try to get her by the Fourth of July, her mind is so that we cannot move her, for she is dead. She killed her boy before her eyes."

ANNA D. BUTTERFIELD."

The letter was evidently written by Mrs. Brooks, and detailing the story of her imprisonment.

WASHINGTON.

A Knotty Point for the Interstate Commission.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—[By the Associated Press.] In the hearing of the Burton stock-car case before the Interstate Commission, today, John W. Street, of Chicago, testified in the same line as that of the complainant. Henry B. Stone, general manager of the Burlington road, in detail denied that the cars were superior to the ordinary stock cars, and urged that the great objection was that neither lumber nor steel rails could be loaded in them, and they were liable to become empty. When this case is closed the Commissioners will take a recess until July 12th.

MAYNARD'S FAVORABLE RULING.
Secretary Maynard has granted the application of the Mechanics' Institute, of San Francisco, for permission to exhibit, without payment of duties, foreign goods intended for the coming exposition to be held by the Institute, subject to the conditions usually prescribed in such cases, one of which is that the exhibition building be bounded by a warehouse.

The President has recognized Julio Gonzales as Consul for the United States of Venezuela at San Francisco.

LARGE FIRE.

Several Large Buildings Burned in New York.

NEW YORK, June 22.—9:30 a.m.—[By the Associated Press.] At this hour three six-story buildings, Nos. 179 to 183 Lewis street, are completely destroyed and the walls have fallen. The four-story factory, at Nos. 880 and 882 Christopher-st., is enveloped in flames. The fourth-story tenement house at No. 182 Lewis street is on fire and the occupants are fleeing in a panic. A strong east wind is blowing, and it is feared that the fire will spread and will also be burned. The loss will probably be \$250,000. The fire is at 8:15 a.m.—The fire is now under control. The loss is about \$250,000. No loss of life is reported.

Base-Ball.

CINCINNATI, June 22.—Cincinnati, 8; St. Louis, 4.

NEW YORK, June 22.—The Metropolitan Athletic game was stopped by rain.

PITTSBURGH, June 22.—Pittsburgh, 2; New York, 8.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 22.—Indianapolis, 8; Boston, 17.

BALTIMORE, June 22.—The Baltimore were tied with the Brooklyn by darkness.

CHICAGO, June 22.—Chicago, 11; Philadelphia, 8.

DETROIT, June 22.—Detroit, 12; Washington, 4.

CLEVELAND, June 22.—Cleveland, 10; Louisville, 12.

SACRAMENTO, June 22.—Burke, pitcher for the Pioneers, signed for the remainder of the season with the Detr. off Club, and leaves for the East next Sunday.

A New Move in Masonry.

CHICAGO, June 22.—The present and past grand masters of the Masons of the United States met this morning to organize what will perhaps be known as the Supreme Grand Lodge. About fifty delegates from different States and representants of their respective Grand Lodges, and it is their intention to perfect an organization in the next few days that will have the authority of the highest lodges now existing. The new organization will be composed of past and present grand commanders.

Struck by the Train.

PONT COSTA, June 22.—Charles Green, a milliner on the ship Mary Dow, was working on the railroad track at the Nevada last morning. When on the track he was struck by the onlooker over land train and instantly killed.

LOANS LIKE MIRRORS.

A. BREWER, West Young, Suite for the Hawaiian Islands.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 22.—[By the Associated Press.] The latest advices from Vancouver are that the British corvette Conquest starts for Honolulu next Saturday, having received secret orders from the Foreign Office in London. The flagship Triumph, which is now at Esquimalt, is preparing for sea, and her destination is unknown, but it is supposed that she will follow the Conquest. These warships are manifestly sent to guard the interests of British settlers on the islands, and it is said that rather than allow its subjects to suffer the Conquest will take to the seas.

At the British consulate an ominous silence is presented as to the orders given the men-of-war. There seems to be a census of opinion among merchants here having dealings with Hawaii that an outbreak is inevitable.

Our second special today is a line of crepe cloths at 10¢. This goods is now in the range, and is more generally known as crimped cloths. 20¢ per yard, plain or patterned.

Our third grand special today is a line of black French kid at 10¢ a yard. The goods is now in the range, and is more generally known as crimped cloths. 20¢ per yard, plain or patterned.

Our fifth special today is a line of wash poplin at 25¢ a yard.

Our sixth special today is a line of men's cotton shirts at 25¢ each.

Our seventh special today is a line of narrow embroidery at 4¢ a yard, worth 8¢.

Our eighth special today is a line of ladies' large shantung hats, fancy trim, at 10¢ each; worth 25¢.

Our ninth special today is a line of navy blue wool flannel, 25¢ a yard, worth 30¢.

Our tenth special today is a line of ladies' turn-sole French kid shoes, \$5 a pair; worth 45¢.

Our eleventh special today is a line of cream silk stockings, 25¢ a pair, worth 30¢.

Our twelfth special today is a line of men's cotton shirts at 25¢ each.

Our thirteenth special today is a line of narrow embroidery at 4¢ a yard, worth 8¢.

Our fourteenth special today is a line of navy blue wool flannel, 25¢ a yard, worth 30¢.

Our fifteenth special today is a line of wash poplin at 25¢ a yard.

Our sixteenth special today is a line of navy blue wool flannel, 25¢ a yard, worth 30¢.

Our seventeenth special today is a line of cream silk stockings, 25¢ a pair, worth 30¢.

Our eighteenth special today is a line of narrow embroidery at 4¢ a yard, worth 8¢.

Our nineteenth special today is a line of navy blue wool flannel, 25¢ a yard, worth 30¢.

Our twentieth special today is a line of wash poplin at 25¢ a yard.

Our twenty-first special today is a line of men's cotton shirts at 25¢ each.

Our twenty-second special today is a line of narrow embroidery at 4¢ a yard, worth 8¢.

Our twenty-third special today is a line of ladies' large shantung hats, fancy trim, at 10¢ each; worth 25¢.

Our twenty-fourth special today is a line of navy blue wool flannel, 25¢ a yard, worth 30¢.

Our twenty-fifth special today is a line of wash poplin at 25¢ a yard.

Our twenty-sixth special today is a line of men's cotton shirts at 25¢ each.

Our twenty-seventh special today is a line of narrow embroidery at 4¢ a yard, worth 8¢.

Our twenty-eighth special today is a line of navy blue wool flannel, 25¢ a yard, worth 30¢.

Our twenty-ninth special today is a line of wash poplin at 25¢ a yard.

Our thirtieth special today is a line of men's cotton shirts at 25¢ each.

Our thirty-first special today is a line of narrow embroidery at 4¢ a yard, worth 8¢.

Our thirty-second special today is a line of navy blue wool flannel, 25¢ a yard, worth 30¢.

Our thirty-third special today is a line of wash poplin at 25¢ a yard.

Our thirty-fourth special today is a line of men's cotton shirts at 25¢ each.

Our thirty-fifth special today is a line of narrow embroidery at 4¢ a yard, worth 8¢.

Our thirty-sixth special today is a line of navy blue wool flannel, 25¢ a yard, worth 30¢.

Our thirty-seventh special today is a line of wash poplin at 25¢ a yard.

Our thirty-eighth special today is a line of men's cotton shirts at 25¢ each.

Our thirty-ninth special today is a line of narrow embroidery at 4¢ a yard, worth 8¢.

Our fortieth special today is a line of navy blue wool flannel, 25¢ a yard, worth 30¢.

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